

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Splendid Meeting at Independence Hall—Nancy Wynne Speaks of the Death of Lieutenant Savage "Over There."

A Coming Financier

SOME slight last night, wasn't it, when the forty-odd thousands assembled at Independence, Square after parading through various parts of the city?

There were lots of prominent people there, and altogether, as I remarked at the beginning, it was one wonderful sight.

Have you noticed how much the community singing has improved? People are really SINGING. They are not merely humming and coming out strong on "Oh, say, does that star span-gled ba-na-na-er yet wa-ve o'er the la-nd of the free-ee and the ho-ome of the brave!"

Of course, you learn them when you go to school; but then you don't always remember all you learn at school, do you? Isn't it funny how things stand out in your memory of school life and class intercourse?

It almost broke up the class, and our much-loved teacher reproved Nancy for her heated accusation by saying, "Oh, my dear, do not talk so! That's worse than wicked; that's vulgar."

That happened many years ago, of course, but Nancy has never forgotten that thaxim of psychology—and common sense, too, for that matter.

EVERY day brings in news of the death or wounding of some one we all know well, does it not? I saw Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. McCall and Lenore just a day or so ago, and they looked so sad, but so brave.

It is quite an ideal large family and they are so attached to each other. This sorrow must be very great for them.

YOU may think you can get ahead of these small kiddies, but you had better try it, for the first thing you know they may doubt your lofty intentions.

Dicky, you see, is five years old. He is a good little Dicky, too, but sometimes he is a small brother throw papers and such thing about the place.

And then little sister, who is too young to understand that she must not throw things from her coach, sometimes (in fact, by littering) adds to the anxiety of nations and the garden path with toys and bits of paper.

That's true, dear, and so if you will clear off the path of those pieces of paper and leaves mother will give you a nickel.

Next day Dicky came into the room smiling broadly and remarked, "Muvver, you didn't give me the eight pennies you owe me."

That was going some, as at that rate Dicky would be getting very much over-paid for his work. And though salaries are going up in munitions factories and essential war industries, one has to draw the line somewhere.

knowledge, for at that moment Dicky was tolling eagerly upstairs. He appeared in the doorway, flushed but triumphant.

"I did it, muv," he said, "and now you owe me thirteen cents, don't you?"

Needless to say, mother came across. That young man will be a financier some day, you mark my words.

Social Activities

The marriage of Miss Mary Scott Montgomery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Scott Montgomery, of Radnor, and Mr. Edward Biddle Halsey will take place on Saturday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock in old St. Mary's Church, Radnor. The bride will be unattended.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Duane and their son, Mr. Morris Duane, are spending the month of August at Upper Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bell and their daughter, Miss Florence, are spending the month of August at Ocean City during this month.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Pilling, of Upsal street, Germantown, have been staying in the Adirondacks for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mustard and her children, of Germantown, expect to leave next week for a two weeks' visit in Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Turner, of Germantown, who have been spending the month of August at Northeast Harbor, will return next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Ketcham, of Germantown, are spending some time at Beach Haven.

Mrs. Cornelius Haggerty and her children, of Cliveden avenue, Germantown, are also spending a few weeks at Beach Haven.

Quite a few persons from the Main Line and Germantown are at Ocean City during this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jacquette Palmer and their family, of S. David's, are spending a few weeks at the Oceanic.

Mrs. Harry Hooper, of Germantown, is visiting her sister, Mrs. George C. Freeman, at her beach-front cottage.

Miss Rachel Whitmer is visiting Miss Jean D. Rouse, daughter of Mrs. Oswald de Rouse, at the Colonial Apartments.

Friends of Mrs. R. A. Whetstone will be glad to know that their son, Robert V. Whetstone, United States navy, is convalescing at their apartments on Wesley avenue.

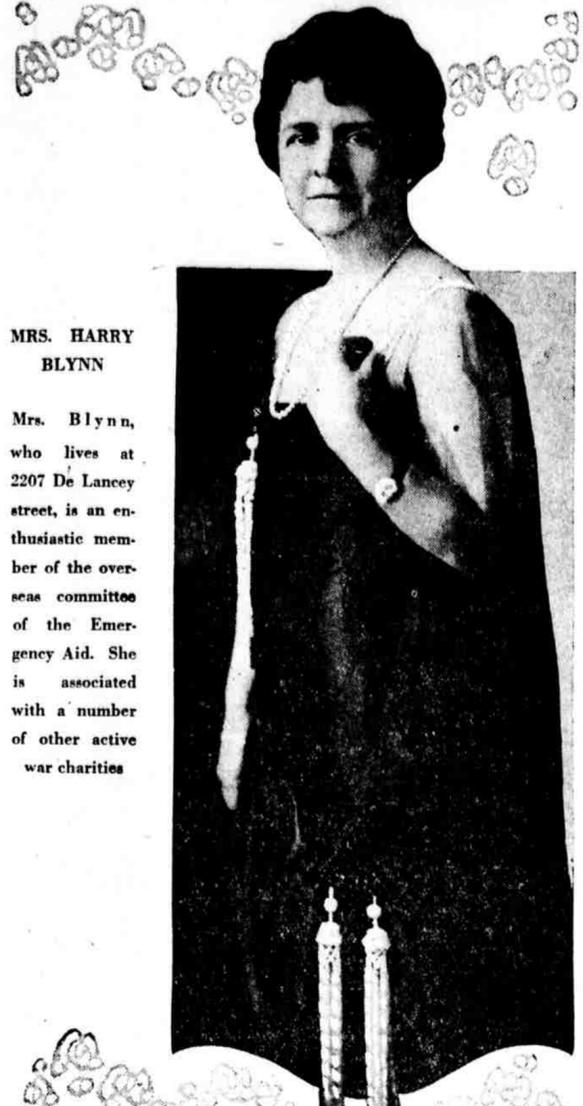
Mrs. George Christian and her family, of Wayne, have returned home after spending several weeks at Illinois on the Strand.

Miss Betty Dobbin, of Pasadena, Cal., and Miss Beulah Souders, of Chicago, are visiting Mr. Kenton Warner at his cottage at Second street and Locust street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hogan, of Wayne, have taken a cottage on Fifty-ninth street for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Craig and their daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Craig, are spending a fortnight at Ocean City.

AN ARDENT WAR WORKER



MRS. HARRY BLYNN Mrs. Blynn, who lives at 2207 De Lancey street, is an enthusiastic member of the overseas committee of the Emergency Aid. She is associated with a number of other active war charities.

AMERICAN SUPPLIES HAVE SAVED SWISS Without Them Many Would Have Starved. Writes Alsatian Refugee

Food sent by the United States to Switzerland saved many people of that country from starvation.

LIBERTY SINGS PLANNED Patriotic Events Arranged for Remainder of This Week

Liberty songs scheduled for this week have been announced as follows:

MRS. NORVELL CULLOM

Mrs. Cullom was Miss Edna Kingsley Johnson. She is the daughter of Mr. Edward T. Johnson, of 431 East Mt. Airy avenue, Chestnut Hill.

WEDDED TODAY IN HOLY TRINITY CHURCH Miss Edna Johnson Bride of Mr. Cullom—Other Marriages

A very pretty wedding took place at noon today at Holy Trinity Church, Nineteenth and Walnut streets, when Miss Edna Kingsley Johnson, daughter of Mr. Edward T. Johnson, of 431 East Mount Airy avenue, Chestnut Hill, became the bride of Mr. Norvell W. Cullom, of Birmingham, Ala.

WILSON-BUTLER

Miss A. Mae C. Butler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Butler, of 2923 East Clearfield street, and Mr. William J. Wilson, Jr., of 2535 Aspen street, were married this morning at the Church of the Nativity, Allegheny avenue and Belgrade street, by the Rev. D. J. Hughes.

NOLAN-MALEY

The wedding of Miss Margaret Mailey, daughter of Mr. M. M. Mailey, of 4230 North Fifteenth street, and Mr. Patrick Nolan, of 4541 North Eighteenth street, will take place this afternoon in St. Stephen's Roman Catholic Church, Broad and Butler streets.

WAYE-BERLE

The wedding of Miss Mary A. Berle, daughter of Mr. John Berle, of 1809 North Twelfth street, and Mr. Harvey S. Waye, of 1228 North Eleventh street, took place on Saturday afternoon in the Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, Broad and Diamond streets.

OH, MONEY MONEY! By Eleanor H. Porter Author of "Dollyanna"

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CHAPTER XXIII Reflections—Mirrored and Otherwise

MIS MAGGIE was still sitting in the big chair, with her face in her hands, when the door opened and Mr. Smith came in. He was very white.

Miss Maggie, dropping her hands and starting up at his entrance, caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror in front of her. With a little cry she fell to rearranging the vases and photographs on the mantel.

"Oh, back again, Mr. Smith?" she greeted him, with studied unconcern.

Mr. Smith shut the door and advanced determinedly.

"Miss Maggie, I've got to face this thing out, of course. Even if I made a bunch of things at the very start, it didn't help any—to run away as I did. And I was a coward to do it. It was only because I—"

But never mind that. I'm coming now straight to the point. Miss Maggie, will you be my wife?"

The photograph in Miss Maggie's hand fell face down on the shelf. Miss Maggie's fingers caught the edge of the mantel in a convulsive grip. A sad glance in the mirror before her disclosed Mr. Smith's face just over her shoulder, earnest, pleading, and still very white.

She dropped her gaze, and turned half away. She did not want to meet Mr. Smith's eyes just then. She tried to speak, but only a half-choking little breath came.

Then Mr. Smith spoke again.

"Miss Maggie, please don't say no yet. Let me explain—show how I came here, and all that. But first, before I do that, let me tell you how I love you—how I have loved you all these long months. I think I love you from the first time I saw you. Whatever comes I want you to know that. And if you could care for me a little—just a little, I'm sure I could make it more—in time, so you would marry me. And we would be so happy. Don't you believe I'd try to make you happy—dear?"

"Yes, oh, yes," murmured Miss Maggie, still with her head turned away.

"That's all you've got to say is that you'll let me try. And we will be happy, dear! Why, until I came here to this little house, I didn't know that living real living was. And I have been, just as you said, a selfish old thing."

Miss Maggie, with a start of surprise, faced the image in the mirror; but Mr. Smith was looking at her, not at her reflection, so she did not move his eyes.

"Why, I never—," she stammered.

"Yes, you did, a minute ago. Don't you remember? Oh, of course, you didn't realize—everything, and perhaps you wouldn't have said it if you hadn't. But you said it—and you mean it, and I'm glad you said it. And, dear little woman, don't you see? That's only another reason why you should say yes. You can show me how not to be selfish."

"But, Mr. Smith, I—," stammered Miss Maggie, still with puzzled eyes.

"Yes, you can. You can show me how to make life really worth while, for me, and for—well, for others. And now, I'm sure, I care so much, it can't be that you—you don't care—any?"

Miss Maggie caught her breath and turned away again.

"Don't you care—a little?"

The red crept up Miss Maggie's neck to her forehead, but still she was silent.

"And so you can't even see your eyes in the mirror. Then, suddenly, he saw Miss Maggie's face in the mirror. The next moment Miss Maggie herself turned a little, and in the mirror her eyes met—and in the mirror Mr. Smith found his answer.

"You do care—a little," he breathed, as he took her in his arms.

"But I don't," Miss Maggie shook her head vigorously and hid her eyes.

"What?" Mr. Smith's clasped hands loosened a little.

"I care—a great deal," whispered Miss Maggie to the coat-collar, with shameless emphasis.

"You—darling!" triumphed the man bestowing a rapturous kiss on the tip of a small pink ear—the nearest point to Miss Maggie's lips that was available, until, with tender determination, he turned her face to him.

A moment later, blushing rosy, Miss Maggie drew herself away.

"There, we've been quite silly enough—old folks!"

"We're not silly. Love is never silly—not real love like ours. Besides, we're only as old as we feel. Do you feel old? I don't. And you? You're just as young as I am. You know I'm just beginning to live—really live, anyway! I feel—twenty-one."

"I'm afraid you act it," said Miss Maggie, with mock severity.

"You should—if you'd been through what I have," retorted Mr. Smith, drawing a long breath.

"And when I think what a botch I made of it, to begin with—see, I didn't mean to start off with that first thing; and you said that—that—that even if you did care for John Smith, you wouldn't care for me—at first. But you do, dear!" At arms' length he held her off, his hands on her shoulders.

"Miss Maggie! Miss Maggie! What do you mean?" she demanded, her eyes slowly slipping from her head to foot and back again.

"What do you mean?"

"Miss Maggie!" instinctively his tongue went back to the old manner of address, but his hands still held her shoulders.

"Mr. Smith, please, don't let's bring money into it at all. I don't care—I don't care a bit if you haven't got any money."

"Mr. Smith's jaw dropped," he ejaculated, "if I haven't got any money!" he ejaculated stupidly.

"No! Oh, yes, I know, I said I loved money." The rich red came back to her face in a flood.

"But I didn't mean—And if you never thought of—of—of how you might take it—as if I want it, I don't. Indeed, I don't. Oh, can't you understand?"

"Understand! Good Heavens!" Mr. Smith threw up both his hands. "And I thought I'd given myself away!" Miss Maggie.

"If I want about your money, even bringing it to touch her. I thought, after I'd said what I did about—about those twenty millions that you were—oh, that you knew I was—Stanley Fulton himself!"

"That you were—oh?" Miss Maggie stood motionless, her eyes looking straight into his, amazed, incredulous.

"Stanley Fulton, I am Stanley Fulton. My God! Maggie, don't look at me like that. I thought—I had told you. Indeed, I did!"

"She was backing away now, slowly, step by step. Anger, almost loathing, had taken the place of the amazement and incredulity in her eyes.

"And you are Mr. Fulton?"

replied Blue Jay carelessly. "I'd rather have those bags filled with nice, meaty nuts."

"With \$50,000 you could buy all the nuts in this woods, and all the nuts in Birdland, and all the nuts for miles and miles around."

Blue Jay looked at Peggy a moment, then winked one twinkling eye.

"I think that is a very nutty story," he chuckled.

He looked so funny that Peggy had to laugh at his slang, even though she felt a bit indignant at his unbelief.

"But that rubbish has got to come out of our storeroom," continued Blue Jay.

"The big nut harvest will be on in a few days, and then we will need every inch of space because we're going to make our war crop a whopper."

It seemed queer to hear Blue Jay talk so carelessly of such a huge sum, just as if it were only so much dirt to be thrown out to make room for nuts. But then, Peggy reflected, Jays are far more precious than silver and gold.

What he had, however, flashed a big thought into her head. Why not take the money out and give it back to its rightful owner, Uncle Sam? Peggy thrilled at the suggestion.

But how could she get it back to the bank? The robbery surely would keep close watch on her while she was moving it, he might do something awful. Besides, even the one bag was so heavy she would be all tired out carrying it all the way to town. The thistle-down balloon couldn't possibly lift it.

Then her busy brain hit upon a plan. She would move the treasure to another hiding place, hurry back to town, and tell the people at the bank.

"Peg-peg! Peg-peg!" screamed a Jay from the river bank.

"Run, run! Quick, quick!" answered Blue Jay, pointing the way. A man was coming out. He stood a moment looking all around, then started up the hill toward the hollow tree.

Peggy had one started thought. He would discover that his hiding place had been broken into and the treasure tampered with. That would alarm him and he would run away with the money.

"Peggy turned and raced to beat him to the tree.

(Tomorrow will be told how the robber gets a shock.)

MARKET ABOVE 16TH STREET 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. MADGE KENNEDY "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE" "THE SAFETY CURTAIN"

ALBERTA 1214 MARKET STREET Today, Last Times MAE MARSH "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE" "THE SAFETY CURTAIN"

MARKET BELOW 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. WM. S. HART "ARCADE" "MIDDLE SWANE"

MARKET 9TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. VICTORIA "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH" "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH"

MARKET STREET 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. GLOBE "EGGS" AND OTHERS

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. CROSS KEYS "Klara Keating's Kut-Ups"

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. Sam S. Shubert Theatre, TONIGHT at 8. First Pop. Mat. Today at 2 Sharp (Best Seats \$1.50)

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. CHU CHIN CHOW

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. CHESTNUT OPERA HOUSE

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. LYRIC—Seat Sale Tomorrow

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. business before pleasure

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. THE GIRL BEHIND THE GUN

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. FORREST LAST WEEK TWICE DAILY

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. NEXT MON. SEATS NOW

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. LAST WEEK

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. GARRICK POST-DAILY

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. MON. Evg., Sept. 2 POP. \$1 MAT. SEATS NOW

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. BROAD—Labor Day Mat. SEATS NOW

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. STRAND GEN. AVE. AT VERNON

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. "TILL I COME BACK TO YOU"

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. WILLOW GROVE PARK

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. CASINO

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. TROCADERO

MARKET ST. Below 10TH 11:15 A. M. 11:15 P. M. GAYETY